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A Mine under the Sea.

An Awful Tornado.

The following description of a visit to Bottallack copper mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railroads"—in complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping-wet rock passages fathoms down into pitchy darkness. The miner who guides them calls a *half*; and their exact position with reference to the surface of the "terracuous globe" is thus described:

We are now four hundred yards out, under the bottom of the sea, and twenty fathoms—or a hundred and twenty feet—below the sea level. Coal-boats and forty feet beneath us men are at work; and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff of the Bottallack engines and other works on the surface! Bottallack is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea.

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock with a flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning that never changes—that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some inaudible distance—from some far, invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful, and still so ghostly and impressive, when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange feeling and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

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## THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C. MONDAY, MAY 5, 1851.

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VOLNEY B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Journal, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and receipt for payment for the same.

From the Pennsylvanian.

### A Demagogue Exposed.

There is nothing that is so popular as the exposure of a hypocrite. Of all the vices of mankind, that is the meanest, which affects to censor in others what it is continually practising itself. The great mass of the people have an instant contempt for all such as the detection of the evil, and the apportioned to the very echo. Generally, however, a hypocrite deceives nobody so much as himself. Even while he flatters himself with the belief that his honeyed falsehoods are swallowed and his gilded professions believed to be the genuine truth, a thousand honest eyes are looking and laughing at his infatuation. Something is sure to cause them to suspect, at first, and finally to believe the worst—something either in the face, the manner, or the conduct of the man. Another of these exposures of hypocrisy took place some days ago, in Kentucky, in the course of a discussion between Thomas F. Marshall, who now acts with the Democrats, and Mr. Thompson, the Whig candidate for Lieutenant Governor in that State. Mr. Thompson has made the blunder of undertaking to palliate the Galphin business under the Taylor administration, and he fairly staggers under the load. In the course of a recent speech, as we learn from the Lexington Statesman,

"Thompson was particularly severe upon whisky-drinkers. Who are they, said he, that raise this cry of Galphin, Galphin? He designated them as that class of persons who carried a pint flask of whisky in their pockets, and who drank 'red head' at a cross roads grocery. They are men, said he, who, if you slyly hold out a five dollar bill to them and will give them a glass of whisky, will find it convenient, on the day of election, to vote for any you want them. Such were the men, he said, who raised the cry of Galphin, Galphin; your grog-bringers, your grog-drinkers, your whisky-drinkers. He then repeated, with as much asse as he could throw into the term, Galphin, Galphin! It was very clear that whisky-drinkers had no share in the affections of Mr. Thompson.

"As soon as the Whig candidate for Lieut. Governor had concluded, Mr. Marshall was loudly called by the audience. He went to the judges stand (the speaking was in the court-house) where Mr. Thompson had spoken, and taking up a pitcher from which Thompson had frequently drunk, while on the stand, to quench his thirst with a draught of what he supposed was water; when suddenly taking it from his hand, strode over to where he stood, and placing it under Thompson's nose, again quickly withdrew it, then, turning his back to Thompson, he pointed down to the contents of the vessel, all the while staring his victim in the face, with a look of derision which is altogether indescribable. Marshall maintained this attitude for some seconds, the house during the whole scene, being perfectly still; when suddenly turning his face to the audience, the actor in this quizzical pantomime, gave a wink and broad grin, the import of which could not be mistaken.

"The audience could stand it no longer. There was one universal burst of laughter, which fairly shook the old court house to its foundation. Thompson's face turned as many colors during this infliction, as there are between the deepest crimson and the extreme palor, including both; and he quickly disappeared from the stand. Marshall then returned to his former position, and taking up a glass, he poured some of the contents of the pitcher into it, and holding up the glass to the light he exclaimed, 'red, red as a rose.' The audience was again convulsed with laughter. Marshall then tasted the liquid; but turning aside and spitting it out, with a shudder of disgust, he exclaimed, 'Lordy, Lordy; it's stronger than even Tom Marshall can stand!' By this time the audience was completely overcome, and every one fairly screamed with laughter, which was impossible to suppress. At last, after peals of the loudest laughter followed, it was settled for a minute before those resounding bursts of mirth could command themselves to enable the resolute orator to proceed. Marshall then, in a manner still peculiar to himself, put the whisky aside, and taking another pitcher which also sat before him, he helped himself to a glass of water, and then pointing with his long finger to the former one, he shook his head and exclaimed, 'Oh! oh! 'twould ruin a temperance man.' Thompson had used both the one and the other of these pitchers, as his *temperance* seemed to require.

"The scene was altogether beyond our powers of description; and we doffed, indeed, whether the most gifted pen could do it justice. In order to catch anything like the spirit of the scene, the reader must remember, that Thompson had just been speaking, in terms of the severest censure and reprehension, of whisky-drinkers, classing them among the lowest and vilest of mankind, and attributing to them the lowest and meanest motives. Nobody else, that's, could be found mean enough to raise the Galphin cry. Mr. Thompson had thus, as he complimented, imagined, disposed of this troublesome subject. But while he is felicitating himself upon his triumph, and with an air of much self-satisfaction, is engaged in rolling up the documents which were the proofs of his conquest. Marshall comes forward, with a style and manner of a master, and a look of contempt and derision, (he is a cardinal priest) and detects this latter of whisky-drinkers in a *trick*, which covers him with confusion and exposes him to general derision. The audience suddenly discover that he who, a moment before had been denouncing the habitual drinker, derived even his oratorical inspiration from whisky! The reader must imagine the look, the attitude, the gesture, the peculiar wink, the meaning smile, in short, the entire expression of the entire person of Marshall, and the palpable confusion of Thompson, as he can catch a faint idea—and it is faint—of the real scene which transpired.—We venture that Mr. Thompson will long remember the wisdom of the old proverb, which admonishes us, that he who lives in a glass house should never cast the first stone."

CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—The Pontifical government has published a general statistical statement of the Roman Catholic clergy, from which it appears that of seventy cardinal chairs which compose the sacred college, there are three vacant, all of the order of deacons, which now consists of only eleven. The cardinal of bishops is incomplete, the first having fifty and the last, forty. Well, the cardinal of priests is the Archibishop of Bologna; Oppiziano, the youngest, is the Prince Archibishop of Breslau de Diespreubel. Eleven cardinals have not yet received the hat, and are consequently still untitled. The number of Archbishops in Europe is 104—of whom 16 are in Italy, 15 in France, 13 in Germany, 8 in Spain, 4 in Hungary and Dalmatia, 4 in Ireland, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Portugal, 3 in Russia, 1 in Greece, 1 in Belgium, 1 in England, and 1 in the Ionian Islands.

There are 104 Archbishops have 600 suffragan bishops, viz: 407 in Europe, and 202 on the coast of Africa, in the French colonies, and various Spanish and Portuguese islands. Besides these there are 78 others immediately subordinate to the Holy See, viz: 65 in Italy, 5 in Germany, 4 in Switzerland, 2 in Spain, (those of Leon and Oriodo,) 1 in Volhynia, Russia, 1 in Malta, and in Bulgaria, (Turkey.)—The vicars apostolic and the prefects apostolic, who are mostly under the direction of the congregation of the propaganda, are 47, of whom 38 are in countries not professing Christianity. In America there are 19 Archbishops, with 90 suffragans. In Oceania, 2 Archbishops, 11 Bishops, and 9 vicars apostolic.—There are 23 patriarchs, of whom only 2 are in Europe—those of Lisbon and Venice. The total number of bishops is 889. As to the Archbishops and Bishops, in partibus, their number is 461, so that in the whole there are 1360 titled Episcopal Catholics.

From the N. O. Delta.  
Inauguration of the Governor.  
SANTA FE, March 3, 1851.

**Editors Delta:** This, with its date, may be the source of some astonishment to you, from the fact that it comes from a place not yet upon your map. We have not heard of the name of whom it has never been heard. But we would like to see a few numbers of your paper, so able and independent, in this state of city. I wish you would send a copy of it; it may find your terms and forward you the money.

This day has been fraught with wonder to the natives, and also to those who have become the adopted citizens of this territory. The last mail brought us the commission of J. S. Calhoun as Governor, and this day he was inaugurated with much pomp and circumstance. Could you have seen the blanketed Grenadiers gaping at the array of troops and priests, and civilians, mingled in one mass for adoration and adulation, you would surely have been surprised.

Mr. Fillmore has had an eye to the occupancy of this territory by the whigs and to this end has filled all the offices with partisans good and true; and the incumbent of the Executive Chair has this day wonderfully catered to the President's taste, as a good servant should.

It was announced, that at 12 o'clock, a procession would be formed at the residence of the appointed, and would proceed thence to the *Palacio*, at which place the oath would be administered by the Chief Justice, Houston, etc. We went first to see a Governor, next to see a procession, and lastly, to witness his inauguration. And upon my word, this was a sight to express it being truly grand. The word was not used, but the spectators were swelled with wonder, and we men, who are the only ones who can be expected to have any knowledge of the meaning of the word, were the men to whom the *whisky* was given.

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"Thompson was particularly severe upon whisky-drinkers. Who are they, said he, that raise this cry of Galphin, Galphin? He designated them as that class of persons who carried a pint flask of whisky in their pockets, and who drank 'red head' at a cross roads grocery. They are men, said he, who, if you slyly hold out a five dollar bill to them and will give them a glass of whisky, will find it convenient, on the day of election, to vote for any you want them. Such were the men, he said, who raised the cry of Galphin, Galphin; your grog-bringers, your grog-drinkers, your whisky-drinkers. He then repeated, with as much asse as he could throw into the term, Galphin, Galphin! It was very clear that whisky-drinkers had no share in the affections of Mr. Thompson.

"As soon as the Whig candidate for Lieut. Governor had concluded, Mr. Marshall was loudly called by the audience. He went to the judges stand (the speaking was in the court-house) where Mr. Thompson had spoken, and taking up a pitcher from which Thompson had frequently drunk, while on the stand, to quench his thirst with a draught of what he supposed was water; when suddenly taking it from his hand, strode over to where he stood, and placing it under Thompson's nose, again quickly withdrew it, then, turning his back to Thompson, he pointed down to the contents of the vessel, all the while staring his victim in the face, with a look of derision which is altogether indescribable. Marshall maintained this attitude for some seconds, the house during the whole scene, being perfectly still; when suddenly turning his face to the audience, the actor in this quizzical pantomime, gave a wink and broad grin, the import of which could not be mistaken.

"The audience could stand it no longer. There was one universal burst of laughter, which fairly shook the old court house to its foundation. Thompson's face turned as many colors during this infliction, as there are between the deepest crimson and the extreme palor, including both; and he quickly disappeared from the stand. Marshall then returned to his former position, and taking up a glass, he poured some of the contents of the pitcher into it, and holding up the glass to the light he exclaimed, 'red, red as a rose.' The audience was again convulsed with laughter. Marshall then tasted the liquid; but turning aside and spitting it out, with a shudder of disgust, he exclaimed, 'Lordy, Lordy; it's stronger than even Tom Marshall can stand!' By this time the audience was completely overcome, and every one fairly screamed with laughter, which was impossible to suppress. At last, after peals of the loudest laughter followed, it was settled for a minute before those resounding bursts of mirth could command themselves to enable the resolute orator to proceed. Marshall then, in a manner still peculiar to himself, put the whisky aside, and taking another pitcher which also sat before him, he helped himself to a glass of water, and then pointing with his long finger to the former one, he shook his head and exclaimed, 'Oh! oh! 'twould ruin a temperance man.' Thompson had used both the one and the other of these pitchers, as his *temperance* seemed to require.

"The scene was altogether beyond our powers of description; and we doffed, indeed, whether the most gifted pen could do it justice. In order to catch anything like the spirit of the scene, the reader must remember, that Thompson had just been speaking, in terms of the severest censure and reprehension, of whisky-drinkers, classing them among the lowest and vilest of mankind, and attributing to them the lowest and meanest motives. Nobody else, that's, could be found mean enough to raise the Galphin cry. Mr. Thompson had thus, as he complimented, imagined, disposed of this troublesome subject. But while he is felicitating himself upon his triumph, and with an air of much self-satisfaction, is engaged in rolling up the documents which were the proofs of his conquest. Marshall comes forward, with a style and manner of a master, and a look of contempt and derision, (he is a cardinal priest) and detects this latter of whisky-drinkers in a *trick*, which covers him with confusion and exposes him to general derision. The audience suddenly discover that he who, a moment before had been denouncing the habitual drinker, derived even his oratorical inspiration from whisky! The reader must imagine the look, the attitude, the gesture, the peculiar wink, the meaning smile, in short, the entire expression of the entire person of Marshall, and the palpable confusion of Thompson, as he can catch a faint idea—and it is faint—of the real scene which transpired.—We venture that Mr. Thompson will long remember the wisdom of the old proverb, which admonishes us, that he who lives in a glass house should never cast the first stone."

CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—The Pontifical government has published a general statistical statement of the Roman Catholic clergy, from which it appears that of seventy cardinal chairs which compose the sacred college, there are three vacant, all of the order of deacons, which now consists of only eleven. The cardinal of bishops is incomplete, the first having fifty and the last, forty. Well, the cardinal of priests is the Archibishop of Bologna; Oppiziano, the youngest, is the Prince Archibishop of Breslau de Diespreubel. Eleven cardinals have not yet received the hat, and are consequently still untitled. The number of Archbishops in Europe is 104—of whom 16 are in Italy, 15 in France, 13 in Germany, 8 in Spain, 4 in Hungary and Dalmatia, 4 in Ireland, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Portugal, 3 in Russia, 1 in Greece, 1 in Belgium, 1 in England, and 1 in the Ionian Islands.

There are 104 Archbishops have 600 suffragan bishops, viz: 407 in Europe, and 202 on the coast of Africa, in the French colonies, and various Spanish and Portuguese islands. Besides these there are 78 others immediately subordinate to the Holy See, viz: 65 in Italy, 5 in Germany, 4 in Switzerland, 2 in Spain, (those of Leon and Oriodo,) 1 in Volhynia, Russia, 1 in Malta, and in Bulgaria, (Turkey.)—The vicars apostolic and the prefects apostolic, who are mostly under the direction of the congregation of the propaganda, are 47, of whom 38 are in countries not professing Christianity. In America there are 19 Archbishops, with 90 suffragans. In Oceania, 2 Archbishops, 11 Bishops, and 9 vicars apostolic.—There are 23 patriarchs, of whom only 2 are in Europe—those of Lisbon and Venice. The total number of bishops is 889. As to the Archbishops and Bishops, in partibus, their number is 461, so that in the whole there are 1360 titled Episcopal Catholics.

Encounter with a Hungarian Robber.

Prince Frederic Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshall Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Habruk. The Prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Goron and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached: the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Agtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Habruk was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entered the Prince not to remain, but to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Agtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Habruk was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entered the Prince not to remain, but to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Agtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Habruk was drinking there. 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